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THE SPAIN OF UNAMUNO

— Amalia Elguera

THE Commonweal

America's Great Issues

Beliefs and Policy

by Kenneth Thompson

Notes from Louisiana

Southern Pilgrimage

by Dorothy Day

GRAHAM GREENE'S CLOSED SYSTEM . . by Alice Ellen Mayhew
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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

OUR NEW ANTI-COLONIALISM

THE UNITED STATES has long prided itself on its opposition to imperialism and colonialism, a conviction that goes back to the Declaration of Independence itself. The American record on acquiring colonies and preparing peoples for self-government has been an exemplary one—as the Philippines and Puerto Rico attest. Belief in democracy and human rights makes Americans highly sympathetic to the national aspirations of other peoples. It was one basis for our opposition to the Kaiser, Mussolini and Hitler, for Wilson's Fourteen Points and the Atlantic Charter.

Since the outbreak of the cold war this sentiment has manifested itself most vociferously over the Russian subjection of its various Eastern European satellites and, more recently, over the ruthless Soviet suppression of Hungary and the Chinese subjection of Tibet. However, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Truman went so far as to threaten to suspend Marshall Plan aid to the Netherlands to bring about independence for Indonesia. Likewise it should be remembered that five years ago Mr. Eisenhower impelled the British and the French to abandon their desperate Suez adventure.

With such anti-colonial predispositions and so good a record on its own colonies, the United States could well expect not to be accounted among the colonial or pro-colonial powers. Of course, in Soviet propaganda since World War II this country has invariably been painted as "imperialist," and among the restive Latin American, Asian and African peoples this insistent propaganda has had its effect—despite the program of American aid to the world's underdeveloped countries.

Much of the explanation of the anti-Americanism of the colonial countries, however, comes from our identification with our two principal allies that possess colonies, France and Britain. The former of these long claimed that Algeria was an integral part of metropolitan France. The United States has therefore consistently refused to vote with those nations who insisted that the Algerian question be debated before the U.N. And there have been other embarrassments because of our NATO allies.

Portugal likewise claims that its African colonies comprise an integral part of the Portuguese homeland. As recently as last fall the American delegation abstained from voting on a U.N. resolution to request Portugal to give an accounting of its conduct of its overseas territories. In the final days of the Eisenhower Administration the United States likewise abstained from voting on a much more heavily supported U.N. resolution—which favored "immediate steps" toward independence for all remaining non-self-governing territories.

IT IS in relation to this most recent history, then, that Adlai Stevenson's vote at the Security Council—supporting the votes of Ceylon, Liberia, the Soviet Union and the United Arab Republic—for a resolution favoring an inquiry into conditions in Portuguese Angola represents a shift in American policy. It must be viewed in conjunction with President Kennedy's comments on colonial peoples and G. Mennen Williams' just concluded official tour of Africa, with its emphasis on "Africa for the Africans."

The resolution itself was defeated at the Security Council, where the British have maintained that the focus belongs on threats to international peace and security rather than on human rights. If Angola should develop into another Congo, then world peace could conceivably be in jeopardy. Despite all the frightful disorders there, things have hardly reached that stage. In other words, it would have been quite possible for the American delegation to

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abstain again on the basis of some plausible technicality. In accordance with the President's wishes, Mr. Stevenson did not. Instead he seized the occasion to reaffirm this nation's support of the aspirations of colonial peoples and to cite Thomas Jefferson's preamble that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights. . . ."

There is no mistaking now where America stands on the colonial question. Whatever the consequences for the NATO alliance and our bases in the Azores, the United States has ranged itself on the side of the colonial peoples. However, the American approach is to work *with* the colonial powers in preparing their wards for self-government. This forthright stand comes at a time when the policies of France and Britain are changing. De Gaulle has been striving mightily for negotiations leading to Algerian independence and has liberated the other African colonies of France. The British Commonwealth has opted for a racial policy that will not countenance apartheid.

The times are propitious for this change which so accords with principle and American ideals in international life. It is most consistent with the whole Kennedy program of expanded foreign aid. Estimable in itself, this new stance will also prove effective at the U.N. and in the cold war, advancing the cause of all free nations.

TO PREACH AND TEACH

THE PROTESTANT Episcopal Church in the United States has begun a nationwide campaign to achieve the abolition of the death penalty in this country. In an impressive thirty-one-page booklet on the practical and theoretical objections to capital punishment, the Episcopal National Council has urged Episcopalians to work for a climate of public opinion that will induce state legislatures to abolish legal executions.

"To agitate against the evil of capital punishment is part of the mission of the church," the Episcopal publication maintains. Some of its arguments are: that capital punishment is "contrary to the whole Christian concept of love," that "the overwhelming preponderance of evidence shows that capital punishment is neither a deterrent to crime nor a preventive," and that it has a "brutalizing effect" on the society that resorts to it.

We have long been sympathetic with this view of the issue of capital punishment, and we think that the arguments advanced are good ones. Beyond this, however, we are reassured to see churchmen fulfilling their historic function as critics and prophets in their society. In this case particularly, these religious spokesmen are rejecting the notion that religion is a once-a-week thing, to be kept safely and docilely in the sacristy. They are carrying their Christian witness to the market place, to inform and leaven the society around them, and they are not deterred by the fact that their message is inconvenient to the state and troublesome to the majority of its citizens, that it runs against the grain of popular opinion.

Many Americans, and most liberals, we think, will also be pleased that the Episcopal Church has taken up this liberal and "enlightened" cause. They will feel this way, undoubtedly, because of "the merits of the case," that is, because they happen to agree with the arguments of the Episcopal churchmen. Yet many of these same people are not pleased but pained and annoyed at other preachments by religious leaders on similar "public issues." Some of the questions on which various religious spokesmen have taken "unfortunate" positions have to do with prohibition, gambling, union legislation, even such things as education and birth control laws.

All this is not to say that churchmen are not sometimes spectacularly wrong in their social and political judgments. It is not to say that they have not sometimes abused their office and attempted to usurp the layman's right to prudential judgment in the sphere which is peculiarly his. It is not to say, finally, that the specific political goals sought by churchmen are not to be rejected when they are felt by the believer to be incompatible with his own conscientious convictions.

But it is to say this: the freedom of the churches is in some ways precisely like the freedom of the individual. That is, we cannot be for this freedom only when the individual (or the church) is a friend or ally, or when he does or says things we approve and agree with. In a just society a man must be free fully to be a man, and the church free fully to be the church, which means free to preach and teach as well as worship. If this freedom means anything, it means that churchmen must be free not only to take "enlightened" positions—on race, social justice, capital punishment—but also to take "unenlightened" positions—whatever one might think them to be. Today, in an increasingly secularized society, it seems important to put this note in the record.

THE CHANGING COMMONWEALTH

THE WITHDRAWAL of South Africa from the British Commonwealth of Nations is an event of obvious significance. Almost alone among world

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governments, the Verwoerd government of South Africa upholds in theory and practice the policy of apartheid. Opposed to the new status of colored peoples around the world and to the demands of the colored citizens of its own country, South Africa has thrown up the barriers. The waves of the future may sweep over South Africa, but it vows that it will survive and stand as a rock. If it cannot stop the tides of history, at least it can be an obstruction.

One can implore, as does the South African government, "Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight," but time will not turn back. Change for its own sake is not necessarily desirable, the conservatives correctly point out—as though it were a truth but newly discovered. Yet neither is the maintenance of outmoded systems. And this is what South Africa is fighting for. With South Africa absent from the Commonwealth, Great Britain—and the United States—will be able to act with greater freedom and greater conviction.

CONFLICT IN POLAND

AT CERTAIN times in history, the major conflicts become focused in a particular time and place. The large, abstract issues become incarnate in living men who must act here and now. The great overwhelming questions are contained within the limits of finite, human actions that can be grasped and evaluated. In our time, Poland has served as one of those focal points.

Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, Primate of Poland, is now engaged in open conflict with Wladyslaw Gomulka, First Secretary of Poland's Communist Party. The suppressed and controlled opposition has flared into open charges and countercharges. Mr. Gomulka asserted that the Church was not persecuted in Poland and that trouble arose only when, due to Vatican dictates, it courted martyrdom.

The Cardinal countered by naming a list of organizations that, with the support of the government, were devoted to chipping away the Church in Poland. He said that never had the political conduct of the Church in Poland been directed from abroad. The Polish Bishops alone determine the direction of their actions. Nevertheless, the oppositions, the conflicts arise. And in ringing tones the Cardinal said: "I tell you, Caesars, you will bow to your God and you will serve only Him. . . . Satan is mighty but man will not bow his head before him."

The terms in which the opposition is stated are so heightened as to appear almost melodramatic; the reality of the possible consequences is in danger of being obscured. For both the Cardinal and the Secretary are brave men who are bound to Poland and who command intense personal loyalty. Each has proved his loyalty to his country and each has resisted strong attacks. The Cardinal spent three years in jail under the Communist regime, and Mr. Gomulka withstood Khrushchev and even gained some concessions under threat. But on the question of man's nature and dignity the Cardinal and the Secretary are quite opposed. If they cannot find some new *modus vivendi* the country will be torn, and all Poles undergo great suffering.

The situation in Poland is so greatly different from what it is in this country that few comparisons are valid. Many Americans, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, have been disconcerted by the actions of Catholics in Poland. If the Communists are so terrible, they have asked, how in the past could Catholics under Cardinal Wyszynski have joined in any kind of concerted action? Such people may readily see in the present impasse a justification for their feelings.

Such a conclusion is, however, quite unjustifiable. Our admiration and our sympathies are with the Cardinal, now as in the past, and it does less than justice to his heroic struggle to assert that there ever was a simple key to the conflict which should long ago have brought him to his present position. If there is a lesson here it is that opposition to Communism, while un-flagging, must adapt itself to changing circumstances. This is precisely the position Poland's Cardinal Wyszynski has taken—in our opinion, quite rightly.

WORDS OF ONE POLITICAL SYLLABLE

PRESIDENT Kennedy believes in being a strong Chief Executive, as is obvious by now to all, and it is no secret that the Senate's passage of his bill to extend unemployment compensation represented the session's first victory of Presidential strength over Senatorial resistance.

Nevertheless, we like Senator Hubert Humphrey's explanation of the falling in line of Democratic regulars, including some conservatives, when Senator Harry F. Byrd (D.-Va.) threatened the bill. Senator Humphrey explained that the Democrats who rallied to support the Administration's bill were inspired simply by their sense of justice. "There is no greater force than reason, logic and truth," he said, "backed up by the President of the United States."

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A LITTLE SOLIDARITY

LAST MONTH the newly formed Negro American Labor Council met in Washington. As Thomas R. Brooks reported in our issue of March 10, the conference's addresses and discussions all served to document the plight of the Negro worker today.

Heaven knows this is not hard to do. One out of every five now unemployed is a non-white, and the unemployment rate for Negroes is currently more than thirteen per cent as against seven per cent for white workers. A. Philip Randolph, long-time head of the Pullman Car Porters and president of the N.A.L.C., spoke bitterly of the depressed economic level of the Negro population in general; in 1958, he pointed out, the Negro male worker earned only fifty-eight per cent as much as the white worker.

The delegates to the Washington meeting gave some attention to the responsibility of government and industry in this situation, but their main target was the labor movement, and with reason. Negro workers are concentrated in unskilled and semi-skilled jobs, and these are the jobs that are hit first and hit hardest by either recession or the advance of automation. It is essential, then, that Negro workers have the chance to acquire skills, which means that they must have access to apprenticeship opportunities. And here is one of the Negro's major complaints against labor.

An official of the Urban League reported, for example, that in seventeen out of thirty-five cities not one Negro was enrolled in registered apprenticeship programs. In four cities out of thirty-eight, there were four Negro apprenticed electricians—one to a city. The total of Negro apprentices in all cities scarcely came to one hundred. Although a quarter of a million Negroes hold bachelor's degrees, there are fewer than three hundred licensed electricians and plumbers. And since organized labor plays a decisive role in apprenticeship programs, the drive for greater opportunities for Negroes naturally concentrates on the unions.

At its Washington meeting, the Negro American Labor Council formulated certain specific demands. It wants prompt desegregation of local unions, an end to exclusionary devices, and elimination of discrimination in union-controlled apprenticeship programs. It seeks more Negro representation on union policy-making bodies and reorganization of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. civil rights department. Such goals can be won, the group is convinced, only by pressure, inside and outside the labor movement; it is determined to organize that pressure.

Since the N.A.L.C.'s Washington meeting, a session of the executive council of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. has been held, and the whole question of bias inside the labor movement was on the agenda. The last time this subject came up, an angry shouting session took place between A.F.L.-C.I.O. president George Meany and A. Philip Randolph. This time no such stormy scene was reported, but Mr. Meany complained that the Negro group was making "broadcast" attacks without prior verification; the over-all record of unions on racial discrimination was good, he said, and Negroes should seek cooperation, rather than engage in "criticism and slander."

On his side of the argument, A. Philip Randolph charged that Mr. Meany was not placing the full "moral weight" of his office behind the struggle against discrimination. He reiterated the demands formulated by the N.A.L.C. in Washington, calling for an all-out attack on discrimination in the apprenticeship programs and segregation in local unions, "regardless of the wishes of their officers or members." And, very importantly, he asked that a definite time-limit of six months be established for compliance with these reforms by member unions.

There matters now stand, with a decision one way or the other scheduled to be handed down when the A.F.L.-C.I.O. council meets again in June. At this point, then, any guess on my part as to what the decision will be would be exactly that—a guess and nothing more. But I can say how I hope the council decides, for in my opinion there is too much truth in the N.A.L.C. criticisms for them to be ignored or passed over lightly.

As I see it, it would be wrong to regard this matter as a quarrel between Mr. Meany and Mr. Randolph. The Negro charges represent a challenge not to the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. but to the entire labor movement. It can be argued that some N.A.L.C. demands have not been thought out thoroughly enough; it can even be argued that it is unfair to single out unions for criticism at all, since they have done more for interracial justice than most groups. But to me such arguments seem to miss the essential point.

This point is that the labor movement is what it is, and stands for what it does, because it has traditionally represented a moral force in American life. Despite occasional betrayals by small or vicious men, it has always been more than just another pressure group, and at its best it has spoken not just out of self-interest but on behalf of decency and justice for all. Today it is the turn of the Negro to appeal for equal justice, in terms that labor should understand. I do not see how the unions can in conscience turn a deaf ear to his appeal.

JAMES O'GARA.

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Beliefs and Policy

The great issues that affect our destiny are not framed in a way that allows helpful public participation

by KENNETH THOMPSON

THE ADVENT of the new Kennedy Administration makes this an auspicious time to review what have become accepted as the goals of the Republic. The chief complaint voiced against present goals relates to their insufficiency. We suffer from the defective link which connects our society's fundamental beliefs and its politics. According to Max Ways, the foreign and national affairs editor of *Time,* the fault lies with a fragmentary form of thinking that erects limited purposes like "survival" and the "national interest" into the final ends of society. In *Beyond Survival* (Harper, $4.), published in the last year of the Eisenhower regime, he addressed himself to our national problems, but he concerned himself less with our concrete policies than with the moral and political underpinnings of these policies.

The Communists, with a much inferior set of beliefs, are more effective, according to Ways, because for them the connection between thought and politics is internally more coherent and externally more consistently articulated. Marxism for its true believers couples the scientifically true, demonstrated in dialectical materialism, with the morally true, exemplified in appeals to justice. All Russian science and technology is controlled and ordered by a twentieth-century, public para-philosophy that lifts "knowledge above the hedgerows of positivism."

The heart of *Beyond Survival* lies in the author's attempt to reconstruct a sense of national purpose possessing at least some of the strengths the Soviet Union draws from its *Weltanschauung.* One by one he considers the prevailing conceptions of national purpose and rejects them as insufficient. We fail as a nation not because of national complacency or weak leadership but because the great public issues that affect our destiny are not framed in a way that allows helpful public participation. The people and their government should be linked to one another in "sacred honor." In Mr. Way's mind: "the order of the soul and the order of politics are not the same; but they are meant to be carefully connected . . . through the people."

THESE, THEN, are the basic themes one intelligent and informed journalist would inject into present political discussion. They are themes to which a writer must bring judgment and a clear-eyed appreciation of all the problems they raise. Within limits they can appropriately be used by others as the framework for independent inquiry or dialogue.

I would like to select four propositions I judge to merit particularly serious attention today. First, the lesson of the Soviet challenge to the West is the need for comprehensive doctrine of the purposes of any contemporary political community. Second, American foreign policy, particularly in the last half-century, has stressed means to the exclusion of national ends and has failed to provide a coherent set of principles by which concrete policies could be explained and measured. Third, lacking a clear image of the ends for which we stand, we have also failed to erect national doctrines concerning the use of force or our vital political interests. Fourth, American programs abroad have been frustrated and impaired because no contemporary observer has satisfactorily developed the relation between religion and politics in foreign policy nor recognized the crucial need of a public philosophy that would mediate between them.

Taking these in turn, our first consideration is the Soviet challenge. Americans run a dual risk in the present-day struggle with a powerful and unscrupulous adversary. There is danger, on one side, of assuming the rival is politically backward, handcuffed by tyrannical forces, incapable through indigenous resources of enterprise and initiative, and beyond the pale of responsibility and trust in every form of international relationship. We tended to view the Soviet Union in this

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light at the end of the McCarthy period. Today nearly all of us find it more fashionable to examine objectively the principal sources of Soviet strength—its leadership in science, educational progress, respect for intellectuals and political and ideological skills. Most of us do not credit the average Russian with being nine feet tall, but we are nonetheless disposed to measure our national assets as reflected in the Soviet mirror. For example, how many worthy men have rallied around programs designed to match or master the Soviet Union in some field or other of human endeavor?

Not surprisingly, we sense the superior Soviet ideological position in many parts of the world playing its fatal role in the struggle for men's minds. The democratic world can boast no equivalent of the Communist Manifesto; the democratic dogma is forever unfolding and the great epochs in American history are the years in which new ground was broken. Presidents like Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, in response to the needs of their age and in partnership with the people, raised up from the warp and woof of national experience the purposes that carried us through a stormy past. Their purposes were living goals, not the abstract ends or fixed doctrines of some rationalistic design. Our history suggests it must always be thus in a vast pluralistic society where ends as well as means compete and the government and the people give them substance and meaning along the way.

For the United States as world leader, this truth obtains today as it has throughout our history. The goals of a "troubled past" cannot be the aims of an uncertain present. Max Ways called for a sense of purpose that would translate "freedoms from" want or fear—the purposes to which President Franklin D. Roosevelt roused troubled and uncertain Americans in the 1930's—into "freedoms for" certain ends. However, as Americans, whether liberals or conservatives, often construe it, freedom is too individualistic and restrictive to have much meaning for nearly two-thirds of the world's people. For the vast agrarian societies of Asia and Africa, predominantly illiterate, only partially escaped from feudalism, and pressing in on limited resources for survival, the doctrine of majority rule is at best a distant goal. Even the leaders of those societies that are relatively mature politically and can point to the beginnings of democratic institutions are compelled periodically to remind us that "order" must precede "liberty."

This is true of countries like Egypt and Tunisia to say nothing of countries with less political modernization. If the treasure we have to offer the rest of the world is conceived too narrowly as freedom or equality or individual rights, our words and deeds may fall on barren ground. But the soil may prove more fertile if from our political storehouse we rediscover the broader tradition we share with Western civilization of "order and liberty." These are the working principles with which Western man has sought political justice and which he has weighed and balanced in a rich variety of political contexts.

THE SOVIET scheme has no place for the balancing of political or ideological claims. All goals and interests within the Communist state are subordinated to one transcendent purpose. For the sake of a solution to the economic problem, millions of Kulaks were sacrificed. No democratic society would pay the price of lifting a single national purpose to these heights; the fury and ruthlessness of political action within Russia are a product of its very clarity and single-mindedness of national purpose. Therefore, the Soviet example, far from demonstrating the importance of consensus on one over-arching goal for society, sends up warning signs for all those who might slavishly follow its lead.

The Soviet lesson is at best problematical for any free people. All historians flounder, however, in the attempt to relate the specific or unique to the general and universal. The problem persists not only in total systems, but also with more limited historical propositions. The charge is frequently made that recent American foreign policy has been exclusively preoccupied with discussion of means as against the ends of national life. But surely the broad national tendency has been precisely the opposite. The grand purposes of international action have been articulated far more often than the limited goals of world affairs.

Consider the basic policies recent Presidents have espoused: peace and justice, collective security, the outlawing of war, national self-determination, a war to make the world safe for democracy, support for the United Nations as the cornerstone of American policy, the world rule of law, the Fourteen Points and the Atlantic Charter. The leaders who expressed these purposes were hardly involved in nitpicking over means and techniques. Were they not rather putting forward a grand design with which they intended to resolve all the troublesome problems that baffle and confound the people and their policy-makers?

From Woodrow Wilson to Dwight D. Eisenhower, historians note a succession of doctrines, proclamations and over-all plans that tend to comprise the overwhelming majority of the dialogues between the leaders and the people. Some may say that the grand purposes chosen were misguided or ill-designed, but no one could confuse them with technical, military or diplomatic contrivances. If anything, they suffered from the contempt and disdain idealists frequently bring to the problems of painful details.

President Wilson, for example, had no comprehensive plan for the realization of the objectives of the Fourteen Points nor of his world organization. He was

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largely indifferent to the territorial and political factors that were a precondition to his "grand and noble illusion." Those who base their appeal on broad and simple principles avoiding commitments on specific measures often fall prey to cynics like Clemenceau who, far more than Wilson, was the architect of the ill-fated peace.

ANOTHER difficulty that plagues and confounds the dialogue between leaders and followers in any free society is the gap that frequently develops between them. Leaders oftentimes speak in two languages. To the people, they express foreign policy in terms of moral purpose, of ultimate goals and towering intentions. To one another, they speak in the practical language of alliances, deterrence and the balance of power—the self-same purposes that have been repudiated in public discussions. The public philosophy, far from thriving on such discrepancies, is weakened and enfeebled much as children come to doubt loving parents who prepare them exclusively for a world of social relations that bears scant resemblance to the real world.

Hence if danger and political failure await those who see the nation's course too narrowly in terms of means and techniques, the opposite danger persists for those who speak only of noble purposes. I suspect this is the reason why some of our wisest observers writing in the American context agree with Walter Lippmann that if the moral philosopher or the architect of national purpose "is to deserve a hearing among his fellows, he must set himself this task which is so much humbler than to command and so much more difficult than to exhort: he must seek to anticipate and to supplement the insight of his fellow men into the problems of their adjustment to reality."

No one can dispute the fact that armaments and force have been an Achilles heel for liberal, humanitarian societies in modern times. The problem is less acute within the sovereign state where power and force are both controlled and obscured by an inclusive constitutional system. When constitutionalism breaks down temporarily, as in the American Civil War, or its restraints are provisionally restricted, as in a fierce labor-management dispute, the hidden fact is made visible that the state possesses a monopoly over the means of violence. On the international scene, force as the ultimate sanction is more consistently and tragically apparent.

However, no peace-loving people can rest easily in this condition. Historically, the American response has been to isolate our shores from the scene of the most intensive conflict, to engage in conflict only to the end of eliminating future conflicts or to espouse new international institutions as the instruments of a new and better world from which national force would be outlawed.

THE COMMUNISTS and the Nazis suffer none of our inhibitions in constructing a national theory of force. Acts of violence are legitimate if they serve national purposes. In the West, the rise of practical morality in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries worked a considerable if incomplete transformation of all doctrines of the use of force. In an earlier period, the moral restraints on the use of national power were in certain respects less stringent. Court poisoners and paid assassins carried on their heinous crimes quite logically and deliberately to strengthen one side and weaken the other. Today no one would claim it was a matter of political indifference to states whether friendly or antagonistic leaders held power in neighboring states. The technical difficulties of disposing of unfriendly leaders are if anything simpler than in the past. However, the civilizing influence of practical morality has made such acts ethically reprehensible and normally impossible of execution. A good example is Churchill's furious exchange with Stalin at Teheran:

"The German General Staff, Stalin said, must be liquidated. The whole force of Hitler's mighty armies depended upon about fifty thousand officers and technicians. If these were rounded up and shot at the end of war German military strength would be extirpated. On this I thought it right to say: 'The British Parliament and public will never tolerate mass executions. Even if in war passion they allowed them to begin, they would turn violently against those responsible after the first butchery had taken place. The Soviets must be under no delusion on this point.'

"Stalin, however, perhaps only in mischief, pursued the subject. 'Fifty thousand,' he said, 'must be shot.' I was deeply angered. 'I would rather,' I said, 'be taken out into the garden here and now and be shot myself than sully my own and my country's honor by such infamy.' "

How does one measure the infamy of extinguishing 50,000 German lives against the millions of lives that would be destroyed in a "first strike" in a thermonuclear war? How would "parliament and public" react to the second course of action? Would a free country sully its honor by using the ultimate weapon in this way? Or would such a step be acceptable on the basis of "reason of state?" No one considering the prospect of national annihilation can answer this question in the abstract, but surely the growth of moral restraints on force are a factor with which any rational theory of force would have to contend. Indeed such restraints may be one of the "irrationalities" of international political behavior that set limits to its "rationalism."

ANY DIALOGUE on national purpose must somehow address itself to the problem of relating higher moral purposes, enshrined in religious and philosophical traditions, to harsh political imperatives.

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What is religion to say about practical politics? What is it to think about the problem cited by a young Catholic scholar of the local political figure who exhausts his private fortune and official income in meeting the responsibilities of office? For this politician and others like him, continued public service came increasingly to depend on "unofficial" sources of income much as political parties maintain themselves through the spoils of office. Religionists, particularly liberal Protestants and Catholics, are tempted to blink their eyes at the practical realities, yet the context in which religion works itself out remains of the essence. This is true even in a country with a public philosophy.

The "order of the soul" must interpenetrate the "order of politics," and the genius of the democratic system has been its success in discovering the points of congruence between the ethical and the practical. This discovery requires a mastery of the practical, as the Catholic tradition of prudence and practical morality attests. The Marshall Plan is an example of the merging of the practical requirement of a stable Europe and the warm and generous American impulses of brotherhood. The people have greater freedom for genuine moral altruism than do their leaders, who are shackled by responsibilities to preserve the national interest. The national interest itself, no less than a public philosophy, is a means of transcending narrow provincialism or sub-national loyalties that seek only the good of particular interest groups. It is a channel through which broad humanitarian purposes can be expressed by the state without endangering survival. In the same way a political leader must reconcile his program for the public good with the necessities of coming to power, the national leader must adjust what is good for the world with the best interests of his country. Neither task need be approached shamefacedly, for both demand an extraordinary degree of moral courage.

The United States has flourished as a free political society with humane and just institutions partly because it has combined liberalism's values on the specifics of social and political justice with a "Higher Law" tradition that enjoyed religious sanction. The game of politics has been played in a more civilized way because it goes on within a broad moral framework. This framework is missing on the international scene and must be established. No point is served, however, by minimizing the incredible difficulty of the task.

If the foundations are ever to be laid, proclamations or incantations about the rule of law or world brotherhood will play at best a modest part. The countless forms of ordinary private relations across national boundaries that make up the invisible part of the iceberg above which rise visible conflicts of political interests may build an important network of common interests. Diplomacy itself can create political consensus where none existed before. The function religion can serve in all this is restricted by the great diversity of religious beliefs in the world and the difficulties of relating religion to politics. For all its complexity, its role is no less important in the end.

TIME OF TRIAL

Southern Pilgrimage

by DOROTHY DAY

COMING UP from New Orleans to Baton Rouge —home of the Legislature which has five times fired the school board and appointed a new one, none of which has been accepted by the people— the highway is an ugly one, plastered with billboards and service stations and motels. Later on you come to a long, shaded road, shaded with live oaks, Spanish moss, a bayou on one side with turtles and cranes and yellow flowers among the patches of green along the water. But the town of Kenner, where Father Jerome Drolet lives, is still amidst the billboards. You turn to the left of them, go down a little main street and there, one block to the right, are the school, convent, rectory and white frame church. There is a lovely flower garden around the rectory, with sweet peas climbing up the wire fence, roses in bloom, yellow calendulas, and many other flowers.

Father Drolet had his picture on the first page of the New York *Times* in December, for joining in protest with a Methodist minister who went out to preach the gospel to the creatures who made up a screaming mob to persecute the colored parents escorting their children to the two integrated schools in New Orleans. Father Drolet, who is the pastor of his church, is a tall, good-looking man with a deeply lined face, still young. I first met him in 1937 during the seamen's

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strike, when he went around the waterfront collecting aid for the striking seamen in the strike which led to the formation of the National Maritime Union. He visited them in prison and in hospitals. "Blessed is he who remembers the needy and the poor," and they certainly were poor and persecuted that winter of the big strike.

Originally from Illinois, Father Drolet came to Louisiana and went through the seminary and was ordained priest to preach the gospel to the poor. Knowing that the gospel cannot be preached to men with empty stomachs, he turned to the works of mercy. But pastors often complain of the zeal of young curates, and Father Drolet found himself in Houma, Louisiana, among the sugar cane workers and shrimp fishers and cannery workers. (The minimum wage there is still fifty-eight cents an hour, he says.) Then he started a house of hospitality in a store front, opened up an integrated ball park and playground for the children, took in the wayfarer, but soon this too came to an end.

Time after time, too numerous to count, Father Drolet has made his voice heard, and time after time he has been transferred. I often think what good bishops these young priests would make. Being transferred all over the diocese, they get to know it as few others can.

I can see Father Drolet, rising up from his breakfast table, after Mass, after reading the daily paper, and going along that ugly highway to the beautiful city of New Orleans and passing through those streets of such beautiful names—Elysian Fields, Gentilly, Justice, Piety, Plenty, Benefit, Agriculture, Pleasure, Humanity, Desire. I see him standing there beside that intrepid Methodist minister whose house and church have been defiled, whose wife and children have been threatened, whose phone rings with obscenity in the dead of the night. And I am proud of this Methodist minister and this Catholic priest.

The opposition to integration, led by Catholics, sad to say, filled the Civic auditorium. The White Citizens Council takes the place now of the Ku Klux Klan. "It reminds you of the early days of Nazism," Father Drolet said. "They have a well-organized public relations department which provides material for press and radio. And people are afraid, afraid for their jobs. The press reported that it was the parents of the children going to the two schools where they were beginning token integration who were making the protest, making up the mob, but one should not believe them! They were not young parents but a group of much older women from other parts of town, manipulated to make a mob. Everyone is afraid and the police do not stop them."

"There is fear of course of physical violence," Father Drolet went on, "but mostly it is fear of losing jobs. And those people up North who read about these things should look to themselves too," he said, smiling. "We read down here about New Rochelle and Levittown, and Chicago, the housing projects, the discrimination practiced there in housing, jobs and schools."

Had he suffered from telephone calls and violence, we asked Father Drolet. No, but the White Citizens Council circulated leaflets outside of his church after every Mass on Sunday, stating that he was being investigated by the House Un-American Activities Committee. He and his custodian and his parishioners had tried to collect the leaflets from the windshields of the cars around. The custodian had been arrested. That's the heartbreaking thing about it, that it is the Negroes who are made to suffer, just as in South Africa when the priests and ministers open the churches to them and beg them to come in.

I was told by another priest who had seen the leaflet that Father Drolet was accused of circulating the *Daily Worker* when he was in the seminary. It was the *Catholic Worker* they were referring to, perhaps.

HERE IN Baton Rouge I am staying in a colored parish, with members of Caritas, which is a new secular institute in formation, made up of Negroes and whites. We had been with the Caritas branch in New Orleans and had seen some bad slums—unpaved streets, sewerless neighborhoods, and sinking houses in the inadequately filled-in land of the town dump and the swamps. Now we were in the outskirts of Baton Rouge, in a more picturesque section, where the church, St. Paul's, is just around a bend in the road, and is a rebuilt movie house. The parish hall is a rebuilt saloon and it is there I am going to speak this "evening," as they say, though it will be only two p.m.

Father Osborne, the pastor here, has long been a friend, whom I first met at Collegeville, in Minnesota. When I arrived at the hall, there were some of his former parishioners from the little parish across the river where he had been for seven years. He has been only seven months in this parish but has already accomplished wonders.

Father Osborne is a large man of great dignity, especially in his magnificent vestments, hand-woven of raw silk, made in Switzerland and in Prinknash Abbey in Gloucester, England. Over the altar of his church there is a great crucifix, painted by Dom Gregory de Witte, a Swiss artist, who painted the colorful refectory at St. Joseph's Abbey at Covington, Louisiana. There are paintings of St. Paul on one side and Our Lady on the other.

There was a baptism here this morning before the six-thirty Mass, and the tall, young colored man wore a white garment rather like a chasuble, but simpler since it was two pieces of white linen cloth, hanging

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down front and back and joined at the shoulders by tapes tied. There have been seventy-four baptisms these last seven months. Converts have come from Southern University (colored), as well as from the neighborhood.

One might say that Father Osborne's parish is the first integrated parish under a Negro pastor. Perhaps his white parishioners from his former parish, where the white priest Father James Clement was his former pastor, led the way. The parish covers three little towns, Rosedale, Marin Gouin ("big mosquito") and Grosse Tete ("big head").

One of the teachers at the Shady Grove High School here was staying at Caritas with us this week end, and she told me about a small group of the teachers at her school. When the trouble started, they recognized the danger of violence and loss of job, but they resolved on a course of action. They sent a telegram, also signed by twenty-five others, to the Legislature, which is made up mostly of northern and rural people who are against integration, and said firmly that they upheld the ruling of the Supreme Court.

Since then there have been community meetings discussing this, the latest a week ago. A town committee has been set up within the community to investigate the teachers, and smear tactics have been used. The additional twenty-five signers have been brainwashed, the committee says, but threats are made against them too. The community involved numbers only about two thousand people, which makes it all the more courageous for the thirty-one involved to take the stand they did.

Another outstanding figure in the struggle is Doug Manship, who owns the Baton Rouge broadcasting company and the television station. He reaches the public on the side of the few courageous ones with editorials which come out weekly.

One must not forget to mention Rudolph Lombard, student at Xavier University of New Orleans, which is run by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. He was arrested in the sit-ins, and is now under sentence of sixty days and two hundred and fifty dollar fine, which is being appealed. He is a member of CORE, the Committee for Racial Equality. He is a tall young Negro, a good student and well-liked by his companions. There are also the demonstrations of the thousands of Southern University students who marched on the State Capitol at Baton Rouge, and the eighteen who were arrested there.

I FELT when I left New Orleans that I had scarcely scratched the surface in finding out what was going on. Then, picking up the paper this morning, I read of fighting in Ruanda and Angola, in Laos and in Ecuador, where herdsmen and agricultural workers are battling the landowners with spears and war drums. Scattered and sporadic, these revolts are part of a world movement among the poor and despised.

Here in America, these educated students are using the weapons of non-violence against discrimination, and we who are writing and reporting must tell of these things to give courage to other isolated groups who feel alone and ineffectual.

The National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice concluded a two-day meeting in Washington, D.C., with this statement, referring to the 1960 Bishops' statement on personal responsibility. "There comes a time, and this is one in Louisiana, when private attitude and action is an insufficient display of just attitudes and of a willingness to do right . . . Give open support to constructive steps forward, otherwise the racist will lead; and if such is the case, the right thinking but silent man shares the responsibility for this evil."

Father Jerome Drolet has done this. Father Osborne has done this, and so have these teachers and students I have written about. They have risked physical violence and loss of job. I have met with these people and without doubt there are more we don't read about in the press.

"Perhaps," said Father Drolet, the "South will lead yet, in this struggle, in spite of everything."

Certainly, and best of all, it is the Negroes who have furnished the inspired leadership of the countless thousands in the Montgomery bus strike and in the sit-in strikes which are still going on all over the South. The imprisonments of so many, the buffetings, the being spat upon, burned with cigarette butts, the ordeal of facing even with their little children the screaming hatred of mobs—all this gives so great a demonstration of non-violence that it blinds us, perhaps, to the importance of what is going on. These are the weapons of the spirit, these sufferings.

COUNTRY CHIROPRACTOR

His face is flattened when he smiles, perhaps
Compressed into a mask grown old. At least,
He has the saddest show of joy and keeps
Mute sorrow stowed beneath a gesture. "Best
So far," he nods to patient stretched upon
His couch. Beige sackcloth drapes are signs. The floor
Is varnished with tan weather from the plain.
Assorted piles of magazines are there
Like years, uncovered, cut, and thumbed. Behind
The door are darkening certificates.
"Keep smiling," says the universal pinned
On analgesic door. He has no doubts:
Do I exist? He feels it in his bones.
And laying hands on other's pain, he groans.

SISTER MARY TIMOTHY, S.S.N.D.

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The Spain of Unamuno

by AMALIA ELGUERA

THE RECENT publication in Spain of Julián Marías' study of José Ortega y Gasset is bound to re-open one of the most interesting questions in the Spanish-speaking world; namely, that of the relationship, personal and intellectual, between Ortega and Miguel de Unamuno. The personal, which was stormy, had better be left in the care of those, such as Professor Marías, who knew at least one of the masters intimately. But the intellectual relationship sheds much light on the position of the Christian in the modern world and is of general concern.

Many members of the last three Spanish-speaking generations for whom Ortega's and Unamuno's books were once intellectual meat and drink, noticed with fascination the great difference between them. Unamuno could be relied upon to reinforce existing tendencies, to drive the nail of one's obsessions deeper into matters on which it was already fixed, however clumsily—Tertullian's *credo quia absurdum,* for instance, or Don Quixote's "reason for the unreason." But Ortega could be relied upon to arouse new perspectives. Characteristically, for he was not a Christian, it was in his books that one first met Teilhard de Chardin. (Described as "most sagacious," his name appears in an essay dated 1929.) Unamuno's mind seemed a hammer: furnace-wrought, blunt, shaped for insistence. Ortega's seemed a compass, an instrument of high verbal precision pointing to the unnoticed, the unfinished, the unlearned: many of his speculations appropriately bore the heading of "incitements." In brief, the Rector and Professor of Greek at Salamanca was aggressive; the Professor of Metaphysics at Madrid, progressive.

These qualifications may seem meaningless in view of the fact that, both as individuals and intellectuals, Unamuno and Ortega were concerned with different problems. Unamuno was a religious thinker, novelist, playwright and poet; the best in the language since the Golden Age of Spain. Ortega, twenty years his junior, was a philosopher and political theorist; the first philosopher proper in Spain and one of the most brilliant political theorists of the twentieth century. But it happens that there is one problem to which both devoted passionate and continuous attention; namely, the problem of Spain and Europe. This was the one subject they had in common; but also, due to Unamuno's abrupt change from pro- to anti-Europeanism, the subject on which they publicly quarrelled and took almost irreconcilable views.

After a policy that effectively cut Spain off from Europe for centuries, Spain returned to European life through the so-called 1898 Generation. The problem of just where and how she stood with regard to the continent became a major theme—perhaps an obsession—in her literature.

UNAMUNO initially spearheaded the movement that demanded intensified contact with Europe. Then, about 1909, came his *volte face.* It mystified Ortega no less than it infuriated him because of the implication that all pro-Europeans were "simpletons" duped by the glamour of Paris, London or Berlin. Impervious to reason, Unamuno proclaimed that he would rather be "African, as African as Tertullian," than European. Was this a serious change of mind and heart or was the master indulging in something like a spiritual tantrum? There can be no doubt now about the seriousness: Unamuno clung to this view for about the next twenty years. What caused the change? Professor Marías, who prior to his present fine work on Ortega wrote the best book yet available on Unamuno, ascribes it to Unamuno's undying spirit of contradiction. "Unamuno's abandonment of the pro-European position was due to the fact that he had made too many converts. He could not resign himself to *not* swimming against the current, even when he himself had set the current flowing."

Possibly. But equally possibly there may have been this other reason: that by "Europe" Unamuno meant pre-eminently the Reformation and Counter Reformation, so that his "Europe" ended half-way through the seventeenth century, that is, precisely where Ortega's —and practically everyone else's, for that matter— began.

It is a commonplace that the chief influences on Unamuno's mind and temperament came from the Golden Age. They were the sixteenth-century ascetics, mystics and contemplatives and the seventeenth century *Don Quixote.* To these must be added Velazquez' painting of Christ on the Cross, known as *El Cristo de*

Miss Elguera, a South American now living in London, is preparing a book on Unamuno. This is her first appearance in The Commonweal.

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San Plácido, which exerted a lasting spell upon him, and about which he wrote the long, typical poem considered by many to be his masterpiece. Could it be chance that Unamuno, self-nourished on the glories of the Counter Reformation, resembled in dress and manner a Protestant pastor and was intrigued by the literature and theology of the North?

Unamuno was Basque like St. Ignatius Loyola, who may be described as the hero-villain of his private history of Spain. Unamuno's *Commentated Life of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza* is nothing but a sustained parallel between the main plot of Cervantes' novel and Rivadeneyra's *Life of St. Ignatius.* Considering that Unamuno often referred to "Our Lord Don Quixote," obviously the lamb slain for the sins of Hapsburg and Bourbon Spain, the parallel swells to mythical proportions. This hero-aspect of St. Ignatius is balanced, however, by the villain-aspect. "There is no God but God and Ignatius is His prophet," Unamuno proclaimed—sarcastically, of course, given the ubiquitous specter of the Moors.

This violent ambivalence assumes all the more significance when one recalls that Unamuno held a singular preference for Kierkegaard among all nineteenth-century writers. He even learned Danish to be able to read him in the original. Why "the great, solitary man from Copenhagen"? *Angst,* later developed by Unamuno into "agony," is not sufficient to account for the attraction. Three other reasons would seem more important. First, Unamuno probably found in Kierkegaard the one Northern theologian whose sense of personal involvement matched that of the great sixteenth-century contemplatives. Second, Kierkegaard was never ordained, and towards the end of his life openly defied the Church of Denmark. Third, Kierkegaard's feelings towards Luther are not unlike Unamuno's towards St. Ignatius. The *Journals,* at least, are haunted by the same ambivalence, the same passionate admiration, not diluted by misgivings of loss.

The greater violence detectable in Unamuno may be explained by the fact that, whereas Kierkegaard is a poetic theologian, Unamuno is a theological poet, whether in verse or prose. Kierkegaard's Luther is the Luther of history and theology; Unamuno's St. Ignatius is a symbol, a poetic sign or number introduced into an historical or factual problem. Perhaps the Professor of Greek at Salamanca privately envisaged the Counter Reformation as a Siege of Troy with St. Ignatius playing Hector and Achilles at one and the same time. In that case, the thing besieged, the issue at stake, would be the principle of individuality. The Founder of the Jesuits lends himself ideally to simultaneous casting as besieger and besieged, challenger and upholder, because he is the great individual whose unique creation is an extreme doctrine of obedience.

It turns out, then, that the great individual is also an offender of individuality: the poetic paradox is absolute. Unamuno takes St. Ignatius as a sign for the absolute paradox signified in his life and introduces it into the existing historical problem not in order to solve it, but on the contrary to upset and re-create it all over again. His abiding interest is to keep what he believes to be the Reformation issue *par excellence*—the principle of individuality—*open.* That is why his "Europe" ends half-way through the seventeenth century, at the chronological point where an historical solution or settlement of the Catholic and Protestant controversy appears.

NOW THIS happens to be also the chronological point at which Spain fell away from Europe. By the time this secession took place, however, Spain had been without religious personalities for half a century: St. Ignatius, St. Francis Borgia, St. Teresa of Avila, St. John of the Cross, the two Luíses, to mention only the major names, *all* belong to the sixteenth century. As one moves into the seventeenth one is amazed at the sudden, almost inexplicable absence of the splendid boldness, power and dynamism peculiar to the sixteenth. What one misses, of course, is the individualism of the former age. Cervantes missed it all the more acutely: *Don Quixote,* the great seventeenth-century masterpiece, is a protest against the very time and place in which it was written, against the formal, pietistic Spain that substituted the country of the conquerors, the mystics and the counter-reformers.

Readers of *The Tragic Sentiment of Life* may remember how the book opens with Terence's *nihil humanum,* which Unamuno changes into *nihil hominem,* "no *man* is to me a stranger." He was exaggerating. For Unamuno practically all men were strangers, human absurdities, who lacked either the vocation or the appreciation of this individualism whose most extraordinary manifestation took place in sixteenth-century Spain. His "Europe" ended where it did, not because he was ignorant of the one that followed, but because he was not interested in it. "If given the choice between St. John of the Cross and Descartes," he said, "I would choose St. John."

When he spoke of intensifying contact with Europe he actually meant bringing fully to bear upon the Western mind the tremendous impact of the Spanish sixteenth century. When it came to Spain receiving the full impact of modern rationalism, he was anti-European; not because he was orthodox—he was not—but because he considered it a fiction, a sub- or pre-human attitude. For Unamuno a man was one whose primary relationship was with himself, and so, inevitably, with God. When he yearned for the individuality peculiar to sixteenth-century Spanish religion he yearned for that direct, immediate mode of ap-

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proach to God peculiar to the great contemplatives. That immediacy, he believed, had been thwarted by "Jesuitic," casuistic theology. So long as immediacy was present in religious thought, he would tolerate any personal over-emphasis, or "heresy," which belonged to the integrity or wholeness of the man or woman involved with God. Thus what one vaguely calls existential doubt he accepted, encouraged even; but Cartesian or rational doubt he despised. Methodic doubt, he scoffed, is "comic doubt." For method is the opposite of immediacy. In his superb *El Cristo de Velazquez,* his most sustained attempt to establish an immediate relationship between himself and the meaning of Christ, he says—

> Let the owls
> Of Minerva, who see only in the dark,
> For they are dazzled by the day, seek
> Their prey in darkness. Not owls
> But eagles our souls, that dying
> Shall live to see the face of God.

"The owls of Minerva" are of course the rationalist descendants of Descartes. When it came to taking up their contribution to European thought, he would rather retreat way back behind the Middle Ages, to the primitive but personal assertion of the *credo quia absurdum,* and be "African, as African as Tertullian," rather than European.

By rejecting Cartesian doubt and all that came of it, Unamuno pitted himself against the modern world. He could do this and live—live magnificently—because for him the question was never one of *being* but of believing: hence that *Cogito ergo sum* struck him as absurd and *Sum ergo cogito* as self-evident. Hence, too, that his foremost obsession was with immortality; an obsession inconceivable in one concerned with "knowing," such as the rationalist, and not with "being." But such consciousness as Unamuno possessed of the reality of being is precisely what alienates the religious from the modern rationalist mind. No amount of praise given to the Spanish sixteenth-century contemplatives can therefore cause them to substantially affect modern thought.

Insofar as the question of belief is timeless, of course it arises in the modern world; but it is not the specific modern question. It is here that Ortega takes over. While "aggressive" Unamuno repelled any attack or hint of an attack on the reality of being, it was "progressive" Ortega who sought a way out of the subjective maze of knowing. One cannot pretend, he said, that modern philosophy has not happened. It is all too obviously here, stifling any effort towards transcendence. To go *against* it is to join in the epistemological game of chess, as it were, and so to risk constant checkmate, since modern philosophy excels in "intellectual defensiveness." The only alternative is to try to get *beyond* it.

THE SCREEN

OUT OF DESPAIR

THE MAKERS of the multi-million, multi-color, multi-star religious spectacles might learn a thing or two from an unpretentious little film called "The Hoodlum Priest." This movie tells part of the story of the Jesuit priest who started Dismas House in St. Louis to help rehabilitate ex-convicts, and in any one reel it catches more of the true spirit of man's relationship to God and to his fellow men than most of the elaborate Biblical blockbusters do in their entire lengthy running time. This is due, I think, to the fact that producers Don Murray (who also stars as Father Charles Dismas Clark, S.J.) and Walter Wood and everyone else connected with "The Hoodlum Priest" believe in what they're doing and saying. The script, written by Murray and Joseph Landon, is absurdly naive at times—especially when it tries to sum up most of the opposition to Father Clark's determined efforts in one character, a reporter, who becomes melodramatically sinister; and later when it drags in an unlikely romance between one of Father Clark's protégés and a wealthy girl, perhaps with the hope of bringing a little softness to a grim story. In spite of these weaknesses (and I must add too that the acting is not always as good as it should be), "The Hoodlum Priest" has a sincerity and gripping power that make it unforgettable.

Although underplaying the role of Father Clark, Don Murray gives a very effective portrait of a soft-spoken, hard-fighting, resolute priest who believes that ex-convicts must be treated as human beings (not shunned as evil outcasts) and must be given opportunity and help to rehabilitate themselves. It is for this purpose that the real-life Father Clark established Dismas House, as a place for ex-cons to live and start their difficult job-hunt; it is also a half-way house, a sort of buffer between the "hoods" (to use the cons' parlance) and the "squares" (those on the outside who have had no brush with the police). In spite of the opposition of that mean-spirited reporter (played by Logan Ramsey) and others who believe this "Hoodlum Priest" pampers ex-cons and sides with criminals instead of the police, there are civic-minded, thoughtful individuals who back Father Clark—especially one criminal lawyer (well played by Larry Gates) who is helpful both in the House and in the courtroom.

"The Hoodlum Priest" is no slick and cheery view of things religious such as was displayed in "Come to the Stable" or "The Bells of St. Mary's." Its grim scenes of Father Clark's descent to the lower depths to bring help to those who need but may not want it are by no means glamorized. Its plot concentrates on one

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young ex-con whose story is made all the more heartbreaking by Keir Dullea's realistic performance and sullen, pretty face. For a while Father Clark is able to keep him out of trouble and even get him a job; but when the boy is fired for a theft he didn't commit, he angrily comes back to rob the safe—and kills a man who attacks him. The boy's execution in the gas chamber is not for the faint-hearted; but this scene between the terrified boy and the priest who tells him about the hood known as St. Dismas is memorable.

Under Irvin Kershner's good direction, the film has many scenes that push the audience into response: when Murray's Clark, being investigated by the D.A.'s office, eloquently defends his program and House, when the priest comes to the besieged young killer and persuades him to give himself up without any more bloodshed. Again and again, this movie, which is on the side of the angels, uses cinema techniques expertly and goes into the devil's territory to prove its points.

Perhaps the bravest thing about this extraordinary film is its final, seemingly downbeat scenes. Spent and discouraged after the execution of the young killer, Father Clark walks back to Dismas House in the rain and packs to leave when another young punk, drunk and furious about the execution, gives vent to his rage by wrecking the dormitory—and then falls exhausted on the debris. Gently but with the strength the near-beaten often command when they must push harder, Father Clark lifts the boy and lays him on a bed. On the screen, as the picture fades out, are flashed these words: "Out of this despair, a new hope was born in Dismas House."

WITH A plot that is melodramatic on an adult level, "Hippodrome" is far superior to most circus pictures. Producer-director Arthur Maria Rabenhalt has caught the curious combination of naiveté, excitement, rivalry, clannishness and tawdry tinsel that makes up the circus atmosphere; and his cast look and behave as if they were very much at home on stage and in the wings. Although their acts with animals and clowns and various other performers have the ingredients of tent circuses as we know them in this country, their show, which starts in Vienna and travels throughout the Continent, is staged in theaters and is more of the variety-vaudeville type. Its stunts even include a sharpshooter who stands in the audience and shoots at a girl who stands on the stage with nerves of steel.

How the heroine (Margit Munke) becomes the target for this skilled marksman (Willy Birgel), who shoots off her clothes in an act that is, needless to say, sensational, is part of the plot that starts when the girl comes to Vienna to join the troupe. Jilted by a famous tiger-trainer (Gerhard Riedmann), who leaves the show after seducing her, this girl works up a dancing act of her own with the tigers. When these handsome beasts go wild one night, in a scene designed to make your blood run cold, she takes on the job as the living target, and her life becomes doubly complicated when the tiger trainer returns and competes with the sharpshooter for her affections. This story isn't exactly one to compare with "Hamlet" or even with "Toby Tyler," but it fits well the film's gaudy circus tone. The English voices dubbed into the German sound track don't always synchronize, but perhaps this doesn't matter either with a film designed to keep you on the edge of your chair. What's really unfortunate about "Hippodrome," with its realistic carnival glitter and stunning tigers, is that its story is hardly suitable for young fry.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

CONSPECTUS

COMEDIE FRANCAISE: The House of Molière amid the alien corn, exemplary in the geometric severity of *Britannicus* and the mathematical madness of *Le Dindon,* audacious with its beatnik *Scapin,* but immitigably supreme in the ripe disposition and *juste nature* of *Tartuffe.*

Come Blow Your Horn: an obstreperous farce, of small breeding and less brains, which yet emerges by a kind of driving professional guile as perhaps the most viscerally amusing event of the season.

Show Girl: Miss Carol Channing in a divertissement born of the night clubs, but incontrovertibly of the theater: an illustration of how formidable the American vaudeville talent can be, when stripped of the superfluous baggage of the musical comedy.

Rhinoceros: M. Ionesco's rather simplistic fable of harassed individuality, rendered with a potent stylistic anarchy keyed—and justly, I should say—to grotesquerie rather than pathetic heroism.

13 Daughters: Aloha to you, too, among the *luau* and the *poi,* as this latest Hawaiian musical opulence sinks beyond the horizon into banality.

Mary, Mary: Mrs. Jean Kerr, muted of wit but irrefutably salient, in a gentle comedy—peopled with the graces of Miss Barbara Bel Geddes and the Messrs. Barry Nelson and Michael Rennie—which yet seems curiously, and often, muffled in production.

The Devil's Advocate: Sobriety and a genuine attention everywhere mark this exploration of enigmatic goodness, but the ability to give it a body of dramatic conviction seems unhappily to have escaped Mr. Dore Schary's wholly honorable powers.

RICHARD HAYES.

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OF NOTE

CENSORING MOVIES

A RECENT issue of the Peoria edition of the *Register* (409 N. Monroe St., Peoria, Illinois; $3 a year) carried an editorial on movie censorship. The complete text follows:

A few weeks ago, the U.S. Supreme Court startled a number of people by deciding that a city has a right to exercise prior censorship over movies to be shown there. Groups interested in the problem of preserving our communities from morally harmful entertainment have widely acclaimed this case (Times Film Corp. *v.* Chicago) as a step forward.

For ourselves, we are not nearly so sure that the high court's ruling is such a good thing. It seems, as a matter of fact, a little too dangerous for comfort. And the reason—to put it perhaps oversimply—is that it downgrades a legal principle that lies at the foundation of our free way of life: A man is innocent until proven guilty.

In our democratic system of freedom, police cannot enter and search your home, or throw you into jail, without some legal basis for their action, and without a warrant. In our country, in other words, you cannot violate a man's freedom unless there is some proof or strong legal evidence that he is guilty. The burden of proof is on the state, where it should be. In totalitarian countries, it is just the opposite. A man can be arrested, searched, even imprisoned, on the merest suspicion. It is then up to *him* to prove he is *not* guilty.

The problem of obscenity and immorality in motion pictures is, without doubt, a serious one. It must be battled by every possible means. But we must not so lose our bearings that, in fighting it, we undermine those things that make us a free people. And *prior* censorship of movies or any other medium of communication of ideas sets a dangerous precedent.

As Chief Justice Earl Warren pointed out in his dissenting opinion, what is so special about the movies? If a government, city or otherwise, can prevent the showing of "undesirable" movies, what is to stop them from moving into the fields of magazines and newspapers, and deciding that certain publications are "undesirable" on political, or even personal, grounds?

Obscenity is evil. But for a free society, there is something a whole lot more evil—giving a government the right to silence ideas that are "undesirable" before they even have a chance to reach the public.

Naturally, under this system you will have all types of people "getting away" with things. Some movie theater managers will flout the public conscience of their communities. Some known criminals will escape through "technicalities." But this is the price we must pay if we want to live under the Bill of Rights. We must make certain that no one—and that means *no one*—is deprived of his right to privacy, to free speech, to free assembly and the rest without due process of law. If the rights of one person, no matter how unworthy, are not held sacred, then the rights of all are in danger.

There is a good reason to hope, as we do, that the Times Film decision will be drastically modified in the near future.

COMMUNICATIONS

"AGE OF THE LAITY?"

Bronxville, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: There is little doubt that one of the most fascinating topics of the day is the place of the layman in the Church ["Age of the Laity?" Feb. 24]—a simple statement but with more shades of opinion than the spectrum. One end of the debate goes back to the bad days of lay trustees; the other suggests that the pastor is a dodo and the laity could run the whole business with one hand, leaving the other free to use the rosary. There are many opinions between, some erudite, some foolish, but all vocal, whether expressed in words of one syllable or four.

It is true that when one digs around the historical material and the lay trustees appear, one sees that the roots were good but some of the later growth was of the unproductive-fig variety. In New York City it was the lay people who got the first church built and then very properly invited the clergy to take charge. But the trustees had a very deep personal interest in this their child and acted like parents, sometimes actually putting out their pastor as if he were a nurse who did not please them. It was a day in the Church in America when no matters were settled without debate and languages as well as epithets were various. So well-meaning a prelate as Bishop Dubois, who must often have longed for his quiet college in Maryland, found plenty of discussion about his methods; his French accent did not endear him to a preponderantly Irish population.

It is interesting to note, however, that it was he and not Irish or German prelates who worked at building seminaries where young American-born priests could be trained, since he felt they could better understand and care for Americans than priests who had been reared in the Old World. It is also true that he had his hands upheld by an Irish-born priest, the bold and brave Bishop Hughes, his assistant, nor should the gesture be forgotten with which the forthright Hughes

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who succeeded the gentle Dubois disposed of the matter of lay trustees and also of the rest of the laity.

That was all long ago. The Church survived it; the clergy are able to be less vocal now that assimilation of races becomes a reality rather than a hope. The laity, however, are not only not quieter; their urgent appeals for lay participation are very vocal. Today they advance, missal in hand, eyes aglow with holy fervor—or anyway with fervor—ready to take on every rite in turn. On the other side stand the clergy, or at least some of them, their faces wearing a Latin-forever expression, their arms closed tight.

There is no doubt that we all want the pleasantest of relations between clergy and people. It is also true that the kindly advice sometimes proffered by the laity gets a bit sticky at times. It is when someone enters the lists who brings no real intelligence to bear on the subject, only sweetness without light, a kindly hope to see everything come out right in this best of all possible churches, then, ah, then. . . .

Recently came to my notice a church monthly brochure which had always been a good though uninspired production but which was now evidently in new hands. My eyes lighted on one article, written by a laywoman, a fascinating account of a mythical parish and its pastor just about at the end of his string. There was so much badly needed follow-up work to bring back souls, especially after the sisters who took the census had turned up a lot of extra souls, and now he had all this business of new souls added to the "financial and material realm" he already had to cope with. He had to watch out for books and movies not fit for his people to read or see; he did not want them corrupted by "immoral literature or ideals."

So, up against it, he called his three assistants to give him advice on this problem. When the youngest heard what was to be done, he was overcome. "It is almost humanly impossible for us to tackle all these problems," he cried. "We need help."

The second assistant spoke a paragraph, listing the problems clearly, but the Pastor already knew them well. Then the third assistant, like the youngest brother in the fairy tales, came right up with an idea: "How about recruiting some good dedicated lay people to help us? They might relieve us of some of our menial tasks thus giving us more free time. Some can even take on small cases and even do one or two difficult tasks, according to their training and ability."

The second curate was a little nervous about this bold idea. "Lay people can't always be trusted," he said. "They are not consistent and are even imprudent."

But the third curate had hold of a good, even though advanced idea, and he meant to hang on to it. "Ordinary lay people might tend to those failings," he said comfortingly," but not truly formed and trained men and women," and he proceeded to tell the pastor and the others about a lay organization he knew about, a very fine old one which evidently the other three were unaware of. Since it has been going strong in the Church for some hundred years, one would think that somewhere a hint of it had come to the other three but apparently only the third assistant was aware of it. He explained that the organization's members also could "receive group apostolic actions from their pastor in addition to their individual work."

The pastor listened and then "softly said" that he liked the suggestion. Would the third assistant contact some "good adult men and women" who might be interested?

Finally, all were agreed that this was a good idea and they would thus be fortified with lay apostles continually, "gradually even branching into Teen-Agers and Elementary Groups." And that night when the pastor said his prayers he gave thanks for the inspiration of the third assistant about starting a sodality in the parish, though I kept wondering in my mean little way why he had not thought of it before himself. Then he continued his prayer with a promise to Our Lady to be patient "and begin to give the menial tasks to my sodality candidates" and then, "as they were better formed, they would relieve the priests even more." In fact, he was already planning to utilize all the organizations in the parish for this work —"and then as they get formed more and more of the work will get done," he confided to Our Lady. He reflected that he would utilize them to the best of their ability, "for even lay people have a thirst for souls," he informed her.

Here ends the story of the third assistant and his fine suggestion. I am looking forward to another article from the talented lady author as to whether the menial work is proceeding successfully. I would like to go there and see for myself how it is working out. The only thing that bothers me is that I am afraid I can never, never find the parish.

KATHERINE BURTON.

"CURATE KILVERT"

Pittsburgh, Penn.

TO THE EDITORS: Re Horace Gregory's statement in the February 24th issue of The Commonweal that the Anglican writer-priest Francis Kilvert "was more than tolerant of—and fascinated by—the efforts of an eccentric Roman Catholic convert, 'Father Ignatius,' to build a Benedictine monastery in Wales." "Father Ignatius," Joseph Leycester Lyne (1837-1908), was an Anglican clergyman and remained one all of his life. It was his life's work to revive the Benedictine Order in the Church of England. He succeeded, and the Order later went over to Rome; he never did.

D. L. HOLMES, JR.

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An Enclosed System Where Cosmic Forces Battle

A BURNT-OUT CASE. By Graham Greene. Viking. $3.95

By ALICE ELLEN MAYHEW

IT SOMETIMES seems that the lives of Graham Greene's tortured heroes come to an end at precisely the moment when they have endured all they can of a lifelong nightmare that is streaked only occasionally with light: martyrs, suicides, those who pray for death, and those who are, quite literally, killed by irony. They are almost anonymous in their humility; morbid in their despair; powerless to crack the damnable urbanity of their pitiless self-appraisement. They are complex and worthy subjects, though, with large appetites for both love and hate, but whose vocations, as Greene would say, have miscarried and turned them into victims, like the spoiled priest on whom he constantly harps. (The spoiled priest in all of us, that is to say.)

First, they are victimized by love soured into pity—an emotion which fastens on the pathos and unattractiveness of others; and secondly, by the wilful and cruelly selfish innocents who smell them out as undiscriminating, and easy, marks.

The innocent with the killer instinct, whose baby face and unhappy eyes hide an arrogant and righteous streak of moral blindness, is becoming the stable *deus ex-machina* of Greene's spiritual suspense dramas. Just as the arid, aware, frustrated lover of God and man, pinned in a dark night of the soul he never made, holds the central didactic discourse in Greene's perennial argument between the rubrics of faith and morality, and the infinite pity and understanding of Divine Love. For, make no mistake, in spite of the masterful technique of narrative he so nonchalantly displays; his realism; his sharp and grave handling of words; his evocation of scenes and emotions; his taut, almost *chic*, conversations that move the drama along; the marginal comments; what one British critic called, his "almost physical assault on the senses," Greene's world is an enclosed system where cosmic forces battle for domination.

Not that there's anything simple about Mr. Greene's somewhat simplistic universe. His sinners and saints are not marked by clear external signs; and they are caught between the Augustinian temptation to be made good, but not for awhile and the Augustinian hound who chases and harries. He protests that his latest novel, *A Burnt-Out Case*, is not a *roman à clef*, but an attempt to give dramatic expression to various types of belief, half-belief, and non-belief, but his argument will not find wide acceptance. For, never has the parable seemed more elaborately defined as in this best-written of his serious novels, nor the main character so succinctly expressive of the human condition, so morally cosmopolitan, so eloquent on the modern philosophical concern with *engagement*, so self-aware, so *au courant*.

Full of dramatic insight and suspense, *A Burnt-Out Case* is the story of a world-famous Belgian architect, Querry, who is a spiritual *mutilé*. His vocation to create (his churches are world renowned) is dead of success, that mutilation of the modern man. "It needs a very strong vocation to withstand success —the popular priest and popular architect—their talents can be killed by disgust," disgust of praise, and publicly-attributed pious motives. His faith is dead, long since, and desire is likewise gone, and the capacity to love, if it ever *was* love. All he has left of feeling is the ability to feel discomfort, not suffering, and all he has left of his vocation is a certain regard for the truth. "It was the best side of the small talent I had."

Querry flees from Europe to Africa, to a small settlement in the Belgian Congo which is literally at the end of all roads and waterways. There, he finds a leprosorium run by some nuns and priests, and ministered to by a Belgian doctor, made so good and honest and ambiguously motivated, that his atheism seems almost a device that allows him to play Greek chorus.

Here, Greene constructs his elaborate symbolism, brilliantly executed, that underlies but does not destroy the novelist's art of dramatic narrative. Like the leper, whose disease may run the hideous course where he loses everything that can be eaten away before he is cured but never feels pain, Querry is a spiritual "burnt-out case." He hopes to find there, not a cure, but a measure of peace; ". . . never again from boredom or vanity to involve another human being in my lack of love. I shall do no more harm," he says with the kind of happiness "a leper must feel when he is freed at last from the fear of passing on contagion to another." He does find a measure of peace there, if peace means lack of change, among the fathers who ask no questions of him or of their charges, with his *mutilé* houseboy, *Deo Gratias*. But he keeps fingering his sores, his lack of faith and his numbness until, tormented by a pious fool and a religious hypocrite, and a fatuous and corrupt English "rag" journalist who sees good copy in discovering a new Schweitzer, one small nerve begins to twist: a slight concern for another, a touch of humor (however grimaced), and a bit of pity that is real, a capacity to like, if not to love. As feeling seems to be returning, he is killed in a flush of twisted melodrama that is so like a French bedroom farce that it provokes his dying smile. But it saves Querry, who is the innocent victim of a supposedly wronged husband, from having to leave his haven and find a new spiritual sanatorium.

Whatever else his quest inward has turned up, Greene has discovered something of the modern, abstract human condition in Querry —that which has and will evoke cries of existentialism. But when

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Querry tells the doctor that he can find no trace of love (read: life) in himself, the other replies, "Perhaps you are looking for something too big and too important. Or too active."

From a purely technical point of view, Graham Greene's great gifts as a creator of scenery and as dialogist have never been more powerfully used. The characterizations are there, too, maybe a little less poignant, but clearer, more intellectual, more deft and economical than ever. And something else, too, besides the epigram — touches of humor. The young girl to whom the great Querry has just poured out the long, self-sentence of his life failure by means of an elegant parable within a parable — one which should give reviewers pause —blithely responds, "Your story isn't a bit like *Manon Lescaut,* but its pretty miserable all the same."

Shaw on Music

HOW TO BECOME A MUSICAL CRITIC. By Bernard Shaw. Hill and Wang. $5.

By GERALD WEALES

BERNARD SHAW, whose files and notebook helped Dan H. Lawrence prepare this volume, must have known that even his most fugitive writings would eventually be published in book form, that a breed of Shaw Scholars (he would have said *Shavian scholar,* as he says *musical critic*) would see to it that every scrap of his writing was rescued from yellowing periodicals. So they should. *How to become a Musical Critic,* which presumably brings together all his uncollected pieces on music, is the first of a series from Hill and Wang which will capture the fugitives and then release them in groups, according to subject. Since a casual remark in a piece of long forgotten journalism may help explain Shaw or illuminate a passage in one of the plays, this volume, and the later ones, should be useful. An illustration of sorts: in reading his account of the Bayreuth production of *The Ring* (1896), I stopped short over a descriptive line that seemed to tell me something about Confucius in *Back to Methuselah,* which lay twenty-five years ahead of his journalistic jaunt to the Wagner shrine.

That a book is useful does not necessarily imply that it is pleasing, amusing, interesting — any of the things that a book should be. Shaw's early criticism, the reviews that he ghosted for Vandeleur Lee, is extremely tedious; anyone approaching *How to . . .* casually would do himself a favor by skipping that section completely. Shaw says in the essay that gives the volume its title that he kept "a set of the critical crimes" around and "Whenever I feel that I am getting too conceited . . . I take myself down by reading some of that old stuff . . ." He is probably right that the ten years of newspaper chores that fell between those early reviews and the pieces he wrote as Corno de Bassetto for the *Star* (published in *London Music*) taught him to be a critic; more important, something in that period taught him to be a writer.

Even though the later pieces in the book give ample evidence of Shaw's mastery of English prose, they are not consistently interesting. For one thing, they treat in detail concert performances about which it is difficult to care seventy years later. Shaw, like the good journalist he was, speaks the shorthand of his trade, makes references that his contemporary readers would pick up immediately, but which are not now (even with Lawrence's biographical index) understandable. The book lacks a context. In *Our Theatre in the Nineties, Music in London* and *London Music,* the collections create their own context because they present the week-by-week opinions of the reviewer, a pattern which provides a frame of reference, one vivid enough to put flesh on the critic, his antagonists

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and his enthusiasms. The scattered character of *How to . . .* (its reason for being) makes impossible such a creation of environment. Still, the force of Shaw and his opinions—his championing of Mozart and Wagner, his distaste for Brahms, his impatience with inept performance, his recognition that economic sins ruined concerts as often as aesthetic ones—come through firmly.

Since I am musically illiterate, I can only assume that those people who really know music and care for it will be fascinated by Shaw's technical capacity as a music critic, his knowledge of the scores of most of the major works and his firm ideas about how they should be played. I know for certain that anyone seriously interested in Shaw will want to read this volume. As for the rest, browsing is in order. There are many amusing and enlightening essays here, and there are impressive paragraphs, arresting sentences suggestive analogies scattered all through the review. For a start, try "Palmy Days at the Opera," or the piece on Sir Arthur Sullivan, or the quarrel with Ernest Newman over Strauss's *Elektra*. After that, you're on your own.

Anti-Heroics

SCENES FROM LIFE. By William Cooper. Scribners. $4.50.

By MAX COSMAN

IT IS POSSIBLE to deal with this work in several ways. One is to recall the date on which its first part, *Scenes from Provincial Life,* was published and look upon its Joe Lunn as a prototype for such take-no-nonsense protagonists as followed on the literary scene: say Nicholas in *Mr. Nicholas,* Lumley in *Hurry on Down,* Porter in *Look Back in Anger,* Lampton in *Room at the Top,* and, of course, Dixon in *Lucky Jim.*

There is evidence for the last in particular, and, by a remove for the others in general, in something Kingsley Amis, the creator of Dixon, has written. "Outside the classics," goes his comment, "very few books have appealed to me as strongly as did Mr. William Cooper's *Scenes from Provincial Life* when it appeared in 1950. . . . What surprised me most about Mr. Cooper's book was that Joe Lunn, its hero, was just like me (and just like, I imagine, tens of thousands of other young men all over these islands)."

A second approach to *Scenes from Life*—we are now including its latter part, *Scenes from Married Life*—is to see it as continuation of work like H. G. Wells' *Kipps* and *The History of Mr. Polly* or, to concentrate on the present, C. P. Snow's *Time of Hope* and *Strangers and Brothers.* This view is justified by the fact that Mr. Cooper and Sir Charles have much in common. It is not only that as novelists they deal with similar themes and environmental matter, but that as private citizens they also share unique interests. They have, for example, been associated for a long time as senior Civil Servants in scientific fields. What is equally notable, they have a high regard for each other's abilities as writers. Thus, if Sir Charles recently wrote discriminatingly about the book under review here, Mr. Cooper more than earned the courtesy not so long ago by a responsive study in that admirable line of literary pamphlets which The British Council gets out.

Since influence, however, is not synonymous with imitation, perhaps the best way to read *Scenes from Life* is as a domestic novel in its own right. Mr. Cooper has himself taken pains to define the nature of the genre. It is, as he sees it, usually about a small number of pretty ordinary people in a pretty ordinary situation, its technique ungimmicky, its tendency even so to stretch the reader's imagination and comprehension.

A rationalization of one's own work, to be sure, but applicable nevertheless. *Scenes from Life* is realistic, everyday-ish, unpretentious. And its various members of the cast are in tune. For all such successes as they have, and some like Robert get up in the world, they are essentially undistinguished

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in virtue or in vice. Joe Lunn, the author's mouthpiece, either as amorist, novelist, or Civil Servant, is the same anti-heroic individual he was as school teacher. Tom, despite a fixation on young Steve, is but another accountant and would-be member of normal society. Myrtle and Sybil, characteristically fallen though they are, are always ready to cease doing wrong and settle down like their proper sisters.

So too with the situations in which the lot find themselves. None are flaringly dramtic or epic. In this respect Joe's are typical. Eternal Adam, he wanders about in his little Eden of a provincial town or elsewhere till he meets his destined Eve in Elspeth. He marries (but consistently the anti-romantic, only after a pre-nuptial trial), duly becomes a father, worries about his job, recognizes the claims of society, and, as the novel ends, subscribes fervently, albeit ruefully for a moment, to the idea that "married life is wonderful."

Put baldly so, *Scenes from Life* seems hardly more than a story of a cynic turned sentimentalist, or, if you prefer, a small-time Casanova finally brought to heel by the right woman. And yet, even as it admits looseness, the book is neither pornographic nor negligible. For one thing, it has a kind of bucolic innocence very like that which informs H. E. Bates' series on the Larkin family. At moments, indeed, its recountal of sex experience appears to be not so much a sinning as an earthy exercise.

For another, with its cognizance of life on the respective fronts represented in the phrases "act of will," "recurring situation," "pressure of society," and "the unknowable," it touches our fancy and our intelligence, and achieves what Mr. Cooper found so admirable in C. P. Snow's work and what Kingsley Amis in turn found so impressive in Mr. Cooper's work; that absolute conviction on the plane of immediate fact with which all of us must reckon if we are to contain our time.

Liturgical Awareness

THE DYNAMICS OF LITURGY. By H.A. Reinhold. Macmillan $4.75.

By WILLIAM PETREK

RECENT EFFORTS of lay participation in the celebration of the Roman liturgy have shown in some instances that many priests are in sore need of liturgical education and their people in equally dire need of liturgical catechesis. Where lay participation has proved somewhat successful, it was prepared by the educated interest of priests conversant with the essential meaning of the liturgy, who transmitted this understanding to their parishioners. Where participation has as yet not been attempted, where it foundered or where it has subsided into a new formalism after a spate of enthusiasm, very often this can be explained by the liturgical obtuseness of the clergy and the resulting ignorance of the people.

Those Christians who have been thinking with the Church during these recent decades of discussion and reform of matters liturgical have learned that liturgical renovation is not a gimmick enterprise. Father Reinhold has been thinking with the Church and knows that matters liturgical live and move and have their dynamic being in the deepest recesses of the life of the Church. Today, when there are many liturgical scholars and an increasing number of priests who grasp the pastoral implications of liturgical life, there are still few who can combine liturgical erudition and pastoral insight as does Father Reinhold.

This book is a sequel to the author's *The American Parish and the Roman Liturgy*. (There is also an interim volume, *Bringing the Mass to the People*, which has a somewhat different format.) That first volume aimed at a basic liturgical education of the reader. It also helped to acquaint him with the real significance of the liturgical movement in its wider, unorganized sense. *The Dynamics of Liturgy* picks up the themes introduced in the first book and develops them. The reader is instructed first of all at the level of fundamentals. He is also introduced into the more luxuriant regions of liturgical awareness and celebration. Finally, he is stimulated in areas of discussion and possible reform of the liturgy where the exigencies of twentieth-century life are more immediately felt.

Happily, none of this education is given in a stridently didactic manner. The author seems to have

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imitated the polyvalent, unsystematized richness of the Roman liturgy. There is repetition in this book, but so is there repetition in the liturgy. Some points are raised that are treated only in a passing fashion, but the liturgy is itself resplendent with intuitions which it does not tarry to develop at that particular moment. Obviously, the fact that most of the selections gathered in this volume were occasional pieces accounts in great part for the looseness of arrangement. And yet, there is also here something of style following on content and form following on matter.

In more sanguine moments I imagine a pastor sitting down one evening several months before the Advent-Christmas season to plan his parish's celebration of that season. What a sane orientation, what imaginative stimulation he would get from a reading of the four articles grouped under "The Christmas Cycle"! (With Lent all but over, I have no sanguine moments that picture a pastor reading the section of this book entitled "Lent: Rebirth and Resurrection.") Or, as long as the mood is one of projection, what different churches we would get if both architect and pastor read "Fashions in Church Architecture" and "Art, Architecture and the Christian." (Incidentally, the jacket of this book is pleasingly in keeping with the message of these articles.)

Insight, and renewed frustration, await the lay worshiper who reads *Dynamics of the Liturgy*. The insight will come from Father Reinhold's competent reading of the Roman Missal which the layman now rightly evaluates as his one sure beachhead in his longing for comprehension and his willingness to become a part of what is going on at the altar. Frustration will ensue the following Sunday or at the next big feast when he sees these insights ignored.

What strikes one again and again in this book is the coincidence of good sense and the broader tradition of the Roman liturgy. This seems to be the author's charisma. He does not have to tread within the artificial confines of a middle-of-the-road position. Whether he is talking about music or baptism, novenas or social change, vernacular or the parousia he finds himself by erudition and contemporary instinct in a reasonable position. Reasonable positions have to be reckoned with, at least by the reasonable.

Few readers will agree with everything the author says. Fortunately, this is not the premise on which a book is published. The discouraging prospect is that once again, as with so many books on the liturgy, those who understand will understand and those who do not understand will not understand. The encouraging prospect is that some at least who before reading this book were not interested in the "liturgical life" or the "liturgical movement" or just in lay participation of some kind will succumb to H. A. R.'s logic and persuasion.

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Gerald Weales, author of the recently published *Tale for a Bluebird*, is a member of the faculty at the University of Pennsylvania.

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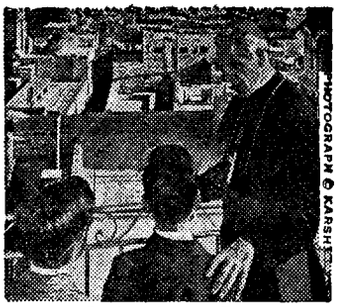

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